



1000. The Queen of Mrs. Newlywed's Kitchen.

No. 1000. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"THE QUEEN OF MRS. NEWLYWED'S KITCHEN."

Mrs. Newlywed has just returned from the honeymoon trip, and is now at home in the "dearest, sweetest, duckiest little house in all the world." And the cook? Why, there isn't any such a treasure in all the world as Fanchette. Such patties as she can make, and such salads no one ever saw. Besides she is so neat and tidy, and really quite good looking, don't you know—so petite. And she has such a nice figure and such saucy eyes, and her cap and apron become her so that she really is quite an ornament to the household.

Jealous of her? Oh dear no. Donald really is such a jewel of a husband that such a thought is ridiculous, and of course he wouldn't look at a person of that class. Better look out? Ha, ha, I guess you older married women get cynical.

Now wasn't she just a mean old cat to suggest such a thing? As if Donald does not love his 'ittle ducky wifey, 'ifey. I just won't invite her to our reception—the hateful thing. She's just jealous because I've got such a good husband and such a perfect treasure of a cook.



1001. How Soon Will Dinner Be Served?

No. 1001. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"HOW SOON WILL DINNER BE SERVED?"

Donald, who has heard rumors about the new cook, seizes upon the opportunity to drop in and congratulate her on the salad while his wife is upstairs dressing for dinner.

Fanchette, who spikka Anglaise in ragtime, speaks all the languages of the world with her black eyes, and sizes up Mr. Newlywed as an easy mark for her wiles and has him going at the first smile. Mr. Newlywed promptly forgets what he came for and begins to praise her eyes instead of her salad, and tells her that once, oh ever so long ago, when he was a bold, bad man, ever so long before he was married, he had a little Grizette in Paris, who looked just like her, only, of course, not so pretty. And to this he adds that the first time Madame goes to visit her mother they will go out for an auto ride and lunch tete-a-tete at a quiet little place he knows about. And, strange to say, Fanchette, who cannot understand the Anglaise, seems to understand this well enough.



1002. My! But You Are a Dear Little Cook.

**No. 1002. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"MY, BUT YOU ARE A DEAR LITTLE COOK."**

Fanchette, who like any pretty girl (French, of course), would rather make love than bread, and engineer an auto than a kitchen range, informs Donald he iss ze bon m'sieu, whereupon he forgets a lot of things he promised under the orange blossoms and gets enthusiastic:

"You're the dearest little cook in the world," he assures her. "And we will get along beautifully. I'll teach you English and in return you must teach me how the French girls smile."

And when Fanchette shows him he gets interested in her dimples and examines them with much enthusiasm, so much in fact that he forgets a lot more things—among which is included the fact that he must listen for wifey's step on the stairs.

The fascination of the dimples grows and Mr. Newlywed comes closer to inspect them, and by that time he has forgotten almost everything, including wifey. Strange how absent-minded some men are.



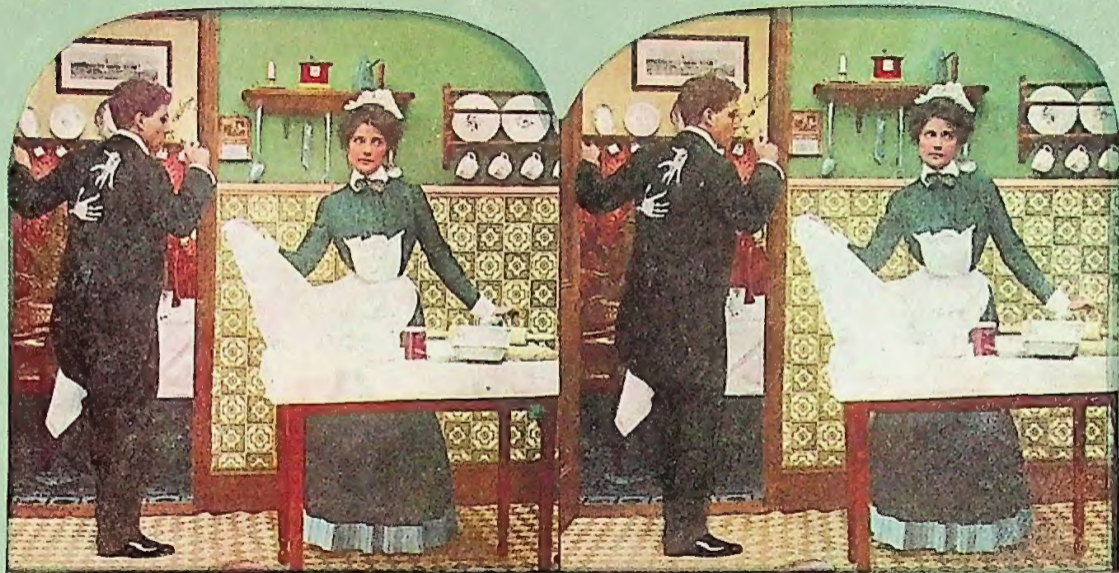
1003. Oh! How Dare You, Sir?

No. 1003. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"OH! HOW DARE YOU SIR?"

Mr. Newlywed, who is earnestly seeking education along certain lines with plump, petite Fanchette, his wife's new French cook, as his teacher, and already has learned something about smiles and dimples (but in the meantime forgotten a great deal he knew before he saw her), aspires to instruction in higher branches.

Fanchette, forgetting her dough, but remembering the chances for more "dough" on pay day, says: "Now I teach you zee—vat you call heem? Ze hug."

Her instruction proves so pleasing that Mr. Newlywed makes rapid progress and, without waiting for his fair instructress to proceed, goes to the head of the class and instructs her enthusiastically in the art of giving a good, old fashioned American kiss and, although Fanchette (like most other girls) says, "How dare you, sir?" Mr. Newlywed keeps busy in his educational work and, instead of telling her, proves himself a true Missourian and shows her.



1004. Sh—, Madam Comes.

No. 1004. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"SH! MADAME COMES."

Mrs. Newlywed, after calling three times for her "perfect jewel of a husband" to come and hook the back of her dinner gown, starts to learn a few things herself, and her step on the stairs recalls to the students in the kissical course in the kitchen (Degree of K. M.) many of the things they have forgotten.

Fanchette returns to her dough with the certainty of a raise, and Donald, calling, "Yes, dearie, I'm coming," hastens to make his escape from the French Kitchen College, making symbolical signs with his fingers which Fanchette understands, and which mean, "H'st, here comes the madame—don't tell." As if any pretty girl would tell—especially if she is French.

In the excitement of the preceding moments both Fanchette and Mr. Newlywed appear to have overlooked a fact which all young husbands should learn: i.e. that flour sticks even to the fairest hands.



1005. Whose Hands? What Can She Mean?

**No. 1005. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"WHOSE HANDS? WHAT CAN SHE MEAN?"**

Mrs. Newlywed discovers the telltale hand prints and, instantly turning Sherlockess Holmes, interprets them. "Whose hand prints are these?" she demands.

"Hand prints? What do you mean?"

"Donald Newlywed, don't you try to deceive me. You've been in the kitchen hugging that hussy. Oh these French. They never can be trusted. I'll discharge her this minute. And, as for you, sir, I'm going to my mother's this very day, and tomorrow I'll sue you for divorce."

"What the dickens do you mean? (What can she mean—she didn't see us.) Why dearie, you're utterly mistaken; I haven't been in the kitchen, and as for your cook, that is ridiculous."

"Don't you dare deny it, sir! Take off your coat!"



1006. You Can't Deny It. Oh! She Shall Go This Minute.

No. 1006. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"YOU CAN'T DENY IT."

"Why dearie, I really don't understand. Deny it; of course I do. (Any man would.) I cannot imagine how the marks got there. Are you sure they are hand prints? Are you sure you didn't put them there when you were powdering? I beg your pardon; of course you don't powder. Flour—ridiculous; where would I get flour on the back of my coat? I must have put it there myself then. Yes, that's true, I hardly could get my hands up there. Perhaps I rubbed against something—"

"Donald Newlywed, I'm ashamed of you, trying to deceive your poor trusting wife like that. It was that hussy, and she goes out of this house this very day. Oh, you needn't try to deceive me. I've suspected you all along. I was warned against you. (How that nasty, hateful thing will laugh.) And to think I loved you and trusted you—and that kitchen person. I'll make you suffer for this. I'll get a divorce right away and you can go with that French cat. Oh, she was just showing you how to make French bread, eh? Why didn't you say that at first instead of telling me you weren't in the kitchen? No, I'm not going to cry—Boo, hoo, boo, hoo."



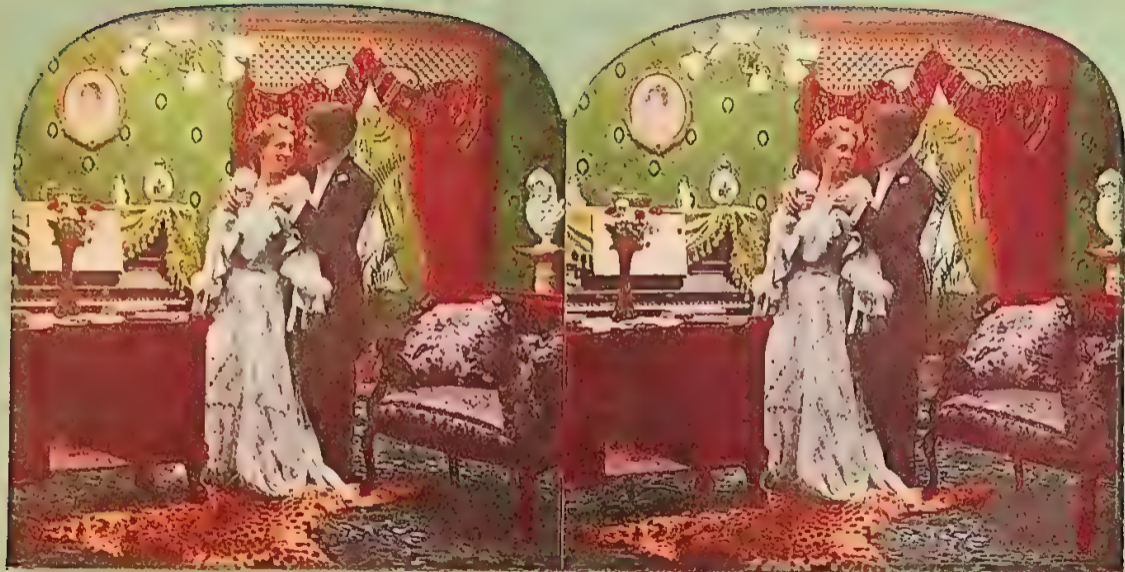
1007. No, Donald, I Never Would Have Thought It of You.

No. 1007. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT OF YOU."

Fanchette, who is wise, decides to escape before the storm breaks in her direction and departs unobserved, while Mr. Newlywed is trying to square himself. Mr. Newlywed's education is progressing rapidly, and after trying to deny everything he suddenly realizes what every young married man must learn—that a good confession is worth a million falsehoods.

Mrs. Newlywed, who recalls vividly how easy he was for her when she was exercising her coquetry and wiles upon him, understands the situation even better than he, and while planning to forgive him also plans to punish. "Donald," she says, "I never would have thought it of you." (All women say this despite the fact that they begin expecting it of their Donalds just as soon as they say, "I will.")

But what's the use of forgiving a husband without some reward? This is the time to strike him for something she wants, and while scolding, Mrs. Newlywed is trying to think whether she would rather have a new set of furs or a box at the opera, while Donald waits anxiously to hear his sentence pronounced.



1008. Forgive Me Dearie, and Let's Go to the Opera.

No. 1008. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—"FORGIVE ME, DEARIE."

Mrs. Newlywed's scheme of revenge is complete, and it pleases her so well that she is ready to forgive, but not to surrender unconditionally. Donald sees a gleam of hope in her changed expression and seizes the opportunity to slip up behind her and put his arms around her.

"I didn't mean anything by it, dearie. You know you are the only one in all this world for me. She was so full of mischief and fun that I couldn't help it. And really you shouldn't blame the girl. She does not know our ways, and these French girls— But let's don't talk of that now, sweetheart. Forgive me and hurry up and get ready for the opera. I'll telephone for a box. Certainly, my dear, you may have the new furs. Just pick them out and tell them to send the bill to me. And give me a kiss, sweetheart, to show you forgive me, and it never, never will happen again."

Aside: "Phew, but that was a narrow escape. I'll have to be more careful hereafter, and not get caught, or I won't get off so easy the next time. Gee, but that little girl in the kitchen is a dream."



1009. And the New Wench Cook Reigns Supreme.

No. 1009. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—MR. NEWLYWED LOOKS INTO THE KITCHEN  
AGAIN.

Mrs. Newlywed has slipped upstairs to get a little nap before the company comes for dinner, being tired after the opera and the shopping. Oh, but she got a dream of a set of furs and the dearest little hat (he didn't say she might—but then it only cost \$45, and he can't object after what he has done). So Mr. Newlywed slips toward the kitchen.

"I'll just slip out and see the little French girl and tell her how I squared things with the madame, and reassure her. She might get alarmed and quit; and I'm sure the madame would be heart broken to lose such a treasure. I must be more careful this time, and I do hope she isn't making bread again. That confounded flour almost spoiled everything. I'll just tip toe to the madame's door. Sh—yes, she's asleep. I can hear her, but, gee, wouldn't she be furious if I hinted that she snored? Now for the kitchen. I want to make sure those dimples are real and, while I'm about it, I'd better discover whether or not the red of her lips will come off. I'll investigate anyhow. That's one line of study I enjoy—if the teacher is pretty."



1010. Mr. Newlywed Just Looks Into the Kitchen Again.

**No. 1010. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—NO DEAR LITTLE FRENCH COOK HERE.**

Mr. Newlywed tiptoes through the dining room, steps cautiously into the kitchen, intent on investigating dimples, and whispers, "Fanchette—" "Fanchette—" "Fanchette."

"Ah'll Fanchette yoh? Mr. Whiteman, mah name's Lucindy, an ef yoh call me ouden mah name Ah'll plum bus yoh haid wif dis hyah rollin' pin. Whaffoh yo all cum traipsin, down hyah into mah kitchen? Ah is a decent 'spectable cullud lady, an' Ah ain't gwine have no white gennelmen cyavortin' round dese hyah premises, Ah aint. Yoh cum down hyah Fanchettin' me an' Ah'll bounce er fryin' pan offen yoh haid.

"Ah reckon you all gwine ter raise mah wages fifty cents er week right dis minute, caze why ef yoh don Ah'm gwine tell yoh wife how yoh dun come cavortin' down hyah namin' me Fanchette an' talkin' roun' 'bout mah dimples.

"Yas sah, thank yoh, sah!" (Aside as Mr. Newlywed flees) "Ah dunno but Ah should hev axt him foh a dollah moh."



1011. But There Is No Dear Little French Cook In Sight.

No. 1011. THE NEW FRENCH COOK—THE NEW WENCH COOK REIGNS SUPREME.

"Ah reckon dis agwine be er scrumptious job. Ah gets mah Thursdays an' Sundays out, an' foah dollahs a week an' Ah kin hab mah genleman friens in dis hyah kitchen. Ah reckon Ah'm gwine hold dis hyah job.

"Two in de fambly, too, an' no chilluns—but yoh nevvah kin tell. Dese hyah young fokes moughty keerless, mos as keerless as niggahs bout dem dah things. Reckon when dese hyar white fokes gits er taste ob mah riz biskit, an' mah fried chicken dey gwine raise dis hyah niggah's pay, long bout 'tracted meetin' time.

"Dis hyah niggah gwine sabe her money an' buy dat yaller hat wif de green ribbons, an' dem dah white slippahs an' stockings. Den I reckon dat wufless niggah Sam gwine take notice when he sees me a gallivantin' down Smoky Row wif all dat scenery on me, an' mah new red parasol. Reckon he won' be so bricketty 'bout dat Nancy Day wench den. Good Lawd, if des hyah niggah did'n git so frustrated tinkin' 'bout all dat dah foolishness she mos' forgit dem riz biskit in de oben, an' Ah specks dey buhnd on de top!"